

Neko Matt
Jade Buchanan

All rights reserved.
Copyright ©2011 Jade Buchanan

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Alain paused before starting up the steps, waiting for Leo to catch up. “You sure my costume is okay?”

“Damn it, stop asking. It’s perfect. Kit will love it, trust me.”

Alain finally shrugged, figuring Leo wasn’t about to steer him wrong. Still, he was nervous. Leo and Alain had been best friends since kindergarten, and they’d known Kit for just over a year now. They were in a lot of classes together at the U of C but the two hadn’t really gotten close to Kit until the start of their second year together. They’d been assigned as lab partners in their archaeology class because they had an odd number of students registered in the course, so the three were often squished into a small space made for two in order to get any work done.

Alain really didn’t mind being squished anywhere with Leo, though, so it was all good. And Kit was a great guy. He was always talking about his boyfriend, Rory, which caused all sorts of flutters to go off in Alain’s belly. He wouldn’t be lying if he said he wanted something like that, but he knew what Leo would say if he brought it up again. They’d already talked about the subject nearly a million times already.

If he and Leo weren’t so damn similar they would have made the perfect couple. They did in fact make the perfect couple in bed, but out of it they fought like crazy because they were practically the same person. Both stubborn and convinced they were always right. Of course, that wouldn’t matter if one didn’t naturally try to choose the opposite of whatever the other picked. If Alain cheered for the Calgary Flames, Leo would be backing the Vancouver Canucks. If Alain liked the Stampeders in the CFL, Leo would pick the Alouettes. Seriously! What self-respecting Alberta boy cheered for Montreal?

If asked, though, Alain wouldn't change a thing. Neither would Leo. Still... it would be nice if they had a referee for when they got stubborn. He wouldn't mind if that referee was hot and happened to fuck like a god, either. Just saying.

Leo slapped his hand aside when Alain tried to fix his costume again. The ears were sitting wrong. He had no idea how Leo had convinced him to wear this. Sighing, Alain rung the doorbell of the townhouse Kit had directed them to. Within seconds the door was opened by a happy, bouncing Kit in full cheerleader regalia. Alain choked out a laugh, eyes bugging at the pom poms Kit waved at them.

"Alain! Leo! You guys made it!" Kit held open the door. "Come in, come in! Happy Halloween!"

Smiling at the infectious grin splitting Kit's face, Alain followed Leo inside. "Happy Halloween, Kit."

"Oh, Rory! You need to meet my friends. Come out here."

A stampede of feet heralded Rory's arrival. Well, actually it was a bunch of people who all crowded the small entrance way. Alain stepped back, hitting Leo, shrugging off the protective arm Leo slung around his chest. Damn, he hated how twitchy he was sometimes.

A redhead dressed in a football uniform stepped out of the crowd. Damned cute. Looked older than them by several years.

"Hi, I'm Rory. Kitten's told me a lot about you two. You enjoying Arky 300?"

Leo shrugged his jacket off, handing it to Kit while smiling back at Rory. "Not bad. I like having Kit and Alain as my partners. They're damned smart, it makes me look better."

Alain shook his head in mock-despair, handing his own coat to Kit. "We really do. Poor Leo. Lost cause." He lunged out of the way of Leo's swat, bumping up against another body.

Ready to apologize, he froze when he saw the man was costumed exactly like him and Leo. All three were dressed simply in jeans, with cat ears and a tail. Alain and Leo had on matching plaid shirts, their ears blending seamlessly with their hair color. Both men were blond and blue eyed, nearly bookend identical to people who didn't know them well. It was probably because they had a tendency to copy each other's mannerisms. He didn't think he looked like Leo, but heck, everyone else seemed to think differently.

This man, though, looked like an older version of Kit. Thick, shaggy black hair brushed over his forehead, nearly obscuring his blue eyes.

“Hello stranger,” the man purred.

Fuck, that was fricking hot. Leo was suddenly at Alain’s back, pressing up against him. “Hey there. I’m Leo, this is Alain.”

“Matt. I’m Kit’s—”

“Older brother. This is our eldest bro, Garth, and his boyfriend Fonz. Everyone else is coming later. It’s going to be a blast! We’re going to carve pumpkins.” Kit bounced back through the entry into the rest of the townhouse, a smiling Rory behind him. The burly brother, Garth, said hi, tugging his pretty blond boyfriend away too.

Leaving Leo and him with Matt. Leo passed his arm around Alain’s chest again, bringing him flush against his body. Oh, Leo liked the look of the nice kitty if that bulge pressing into his ass was any indication. Matt was smaller than the two of them, built more like Kit. Leo and Alain had played football all through high school and had the builds to match, tall and muscular. Leo was actually an inch taller than him but Matt was just fricking cute.

Matt’s ears twitched back before standing straight up again. Damn, that was cool! How’d he do that? “Nice ears, man. Leo and I had to go the polymer clay route but it was hard to find a color match otherwise. How do you get yours to move like that?”

A black tail curled around Matt’s body, brushing against Alain’s thigh. Shit. Man, now him and Leo sported matching bulges in the front of their jeans.

“It’s my little secret. If you’re real nice to me, I may just let you know.” Matt grinned, looking like the cat that ate the canary.

Matt lowered his eyelids, sending a smouldering look their way before turning in place and sauntering off. His tail moved again, swaying back and forth before curling down to touch his leg. Alain tilted his head, trying to figure out how he was doing that. It looked damn real. Must have cost him a fortune to get it to move that way.

“Babe, I think we just found our referee,” Leo crooned in his ear.

Alain opened his eyes wide, unable to hold in his moan. At the sound, Matt glanced back at them, licking his lips. Oh, hell yes.

* * * * *

Neko Matt Goes to University

Matt sauntered down the hall on the eighth floor of the Earth Sciences building, enjoying the anticipation. It had been years since he'd been to the University of Calgary campus but he couldn't remember ever looking forward to it so much. Of course, that could be because he wasn't here to go to class.

No, Matt was here for a much different reason. Something that had been building for the past month and a half. It wasn't his fault he hadn't been able to see Alain and Leo since Halloween, but it was going to be his initiative that would bring them together now. Well... that and a little help from Kit, Matt's younger brother.

Counting off the doors as he passed them, Matt looked for the right place. It should be here somewhere... ah... there. Stopping in front of the lab door, he brushed a hand down his chest.

His sensitive hearing picked up the conversations inside. His brother's yapping voice was apparent, and so were the dulcet tones of one of his intended victims. He couldn't hear Leo, though. Hoping the man was inside, he straightened his shoulders. He was sure Kit would have called him if both men weren't in class today. Kit's lab partners in his archaeology class were the reason Matt was here. Matt had met them back in October at Kit's Halloween party and he'd been intrigued by them ever since.

Alain and Leo were near carbon copies of each other. Apparently they'd been best friends since birth, to hear them tell the tale. Matt wasn't sure when friendship blossomed into something more but he hadn't missed their interest in him on Halloween. In fact, it was only the presence of everyone else at the party that had stopped Matt from acting on the arousal he could sense in both men.

Suppressing the purr that wanted to burst out at the thought of what he wanted to do to the big, burly blonds, Matt reached out a hand and scratched his nails along the door. Kit's voice trailed off inside. Scratching the door again, Matt started to walk away.

Finding the men's room at the end of the hall, Matt quickly made his way inside. He looked around, studying the layout. Typical of most bathrooms, really, barely enough room to move around in. The usual urinals and stalls were squeezed together in the minimal amount of space. A narrow shelf the color of rust sat along one wall beside the door, holding two sinks and a boatload of paper towels with a wall to wall mirror above. The entire place was painted a horrid shade of cream that bordered on mildew. Matt wrinkled his nose, suppressing his hiss. He had to stamp down the urge to pussy foot around the room. He was most definitely not getting down on his knees on this floor. Maybe this wasn't the best place to stage his next move after all.

It was now or never, though. University was about to let out for the Christmas holidays and if he didn't act now, he would have to wait another month and there was just no way he was going to wait another month. His cat was already stretching inside him, yearning to be let out so it could play with a few new toys.

Matt smiled, licking his lips. A glance at the bathroom mirror and he schooled his features. Better not look too much like the cat that ate the canary. Not yet, at least. His plan wouldn't be a success until his prey was in here with him. Preferably on their knees. Because, once again, he was not getting his pants dirty on this disgusting floor.

He had standards, after all.

Hearing a noise out in the hall, Matt pushed himself up onto the shelf, perching his ass between the two sinks. The door slowly swung inward, revealing one half of his prey. Oh, goody. The second victim followed practically on Leo's heels. Alain was whispering something in Leo's ear but both froze at the sight of Matt in front of them.

Matt cocked his head, studying the surprised men. "Hello, there."

"Man," Alain breathed, pushing Leo forward and letting the door swing closed.

Leo simply stood still, licking his lips as he studied Matt.

Good, looked like his preparations were being appreciated. Tight jeans were practically glued to his legs, topped with a black turtleneck. Ankle boots completed his look. Well, ankle boots and a few other additions. Matt flicked his ears forward, satisfied when both men caught the movement with their gazes. Alain groaned, fitting himself to Leo's back, pressing against his friend.

Matt studied them in return, noting the differences in all their outfits. Both blonds were sporting jeans and scuffed boots, but the plain U of C sweatshirt Alain was wearing and the horrendous Christmas sweater Leo was sporting were a tad different from Matt's own stylish look. Surprisingly, the green and red monstrosity did nothing to cool Matt's ardour. He most definitely had it bad.

Matt slowly lifted his long, sinuous tail, running it up his thigh to tease the inner crease of his jeans. "Happy holidays. I wanted to give you your gifts in person." Okay, so it was still a few weeks until the holiday, but who was counting?

"Man, please tell me I'm not asleep in class again," Leo moaned.

Hiding his grin, Matt twitched his ears again. Lifting a hand, he smoothed down his right ear, feeling the silky black fur that blended seamlessly with his shaggy hair.

"What are you doing here?" Alain was practically drooling. "Kit didn't say anything about you."

"Really? And what did my baby brother say?" Matt was curious, he hadn't quite talked over all the details with Kit. They'd just worked out their signal and where Matt was going to wait.

"He just said something about taking a break and coming back in ten... Look, who cares about Kit? Man, we haven't seen you in a frickin month." Leo stepped forward between Matt's spread thighs, wrapping Matt up in his arms.

Matt purred, surprised, but definitely pleased. He tilted his head, butting his forehead against Leo's arm. Oh, yes, he adored how big Leo was. Squirring in place, Matt managed to look around Leo's bulk to see Alain staring at them with a heated look on his face. Oh, good. Matt didn't want anything to be awkward, which it had the potential to be seeing as how the two men were already in a relationship. He was here for both of them, if they were interested.

"What are you doing here?" Alain pressed himself against Leo's back again, reaching around and smoothing his palm down Matt's side.

"Thought you two might need some holiday cheer. I know you've been busy with school the past month and I wanted to see you before exams start and you forget all about me." He pouted, blinking up at both men.

Leo slanted his head, kissing Matt without any warning. Matt jerked back, not expecting the move, but Leo's hold wouldn't let him move too far. Oh, he liked that. The blond could do this anytime he wanted. Leo tasted of cinnamon, rich and spicy against Matt's tongue.

Moaning, Alain wiggled around until he was standing beside them. Matt arched his back when Alain placed one brawny hand behind him, fingers dancing up his spine and tangling in his hair. Responding to the unspoken request, Matt tore his mouth free. Alain instantly filled his senses, lips captured in a sensual hold. He tasted like candy canes, sticky and sweet. Matt licked inside Alain's mouth, trying to get more of the taste.

"Babe, that's the hottest thing I've ever seen." Leo's voice was a throaty growl that said more than just his words.

He wasn't lying; Matt could tell Leo was most definitely getting off on the sight of Matt kissing his boyfriend. His hands ran up and down Matt's thighs, rubbing the tight denim covering Matt's skin. Alain's hand at the back of his head and the heated press of his mouth were the only things that kept his body angled away from Leo.

A pair of hard hands lifted him up off the counter. Squeezing his thighs around Leo's trim waist, Matt held on while Leo stepped back enough to let Alain move in between Matt and the shelf behind him. He had to end the kiss, which sucked, but Leo was there to keep things moving, catching his lips with his own.

Actually, Matt better move this along before someone came looking for them. He wiggled in Leo's arms, getting the man to relax his hold just enough for Matt to slide down his body and land on his knees.

Well, so much for his idea that he wouldn't get down on his knees. With a last grimace for the state of his jeans, Matt nuzzled into the warm lap in front of him. Mmmm... oh, very nice. Leo's jeans weren't doing a very good job of hiding the bulge Leo sported.

Leo thrust his hands forward, tucking his fingers into Matt's hair. Matt glanced up through his lashes, hoping Leo wasn't about to freak out. Fingers touched his ears, stuttered, and lingered. Slowly, reverently, Leo traced the silky appendages, moving his hands down to run through the rest of Matt's hair.

Pressure on the back of his head made Matt look up. Leo glanced down at him in wonder. "Those aren't fake, are they?"

"What?" Alain moved behind him. Matt tilted his head, keeping both men in his view.

"His ears. They're real." Disbelief filled Leo's voice. It didn't stop him from fondling the black fur, though. Matt arched his head, trying to get Leo to scratch behind his ears... right there. Oh, yeah, right there. He purred, mouth open and eyes closed.

"They can't be real."

"I'm telling you, they are!"

Alain scoffed. "That's not possible."

Matt smirked, shaking his head and dislodging Leo's questing fingers. He partially changed, feeling his cat ears recede and shift into his more human ones. It was a trick he'd learnt a few years ago. So far, he was the only one of his brothers that could accomplish the partial shift, though that didn't stop Kitten from trying. Garth didn't care all that much about it. As far as Matt knew, Garth hadn't even tried to shift in front of Fonz yet. Not that Fonz wasn't well aware of what exactly Garth could change into, he just hadn't been all that interested in seeing his more furry self. Kitten and Rory, on the other hand, seemed to get into all sorts of mischief.

Matt had always promised himself that he wouldn't hide who he was if he ever found anyone that interested him enough to start a relationship with. This entire thing was a bit complicated owing to the fact that Leo and Alain came as a pair, but Matt was nothing if not up to the task.

"Holy shit." Two voices spoke the words in tandem.

Hey, that was kinda neat. Wonder if he could get them to do other things in tandem. They did resemble each other. Leo was a tiny bit taller, but both were blond, blue-eyed Nordic hunks. If he got them both naked and let them make out it'd almost be like watching twincest in action. Okay, not actually, since they weren't even close to being related, but everyone had their fantasies and that one definitely worked for Matt.

Aware of the building silence, Matt shook himself out of a very nice fantasy. "Does it bother you?" Not that he could do anything about it, but maybe he shouldn't have been quite so open right away. If they walked away from him he was going to be pissed.

Alain started to laugh, moving around him until he was standing beside Leo.

"Actually it explains a few things."

Matt stared up, bemused. Leo and Alain shared a glance before both looking down at Matt.

"Kitten," Alain said. "It just..."

"Explains a whole lot," Leo finished.

"So, can you shift, like... completely?" Alain slid his hand back into Matt's hair.

The cat inside Matt wasn't sure whether he should be pleased they were taking this so well or be contrary because they were taking this so well. "You mean, can I get four-legged? Yes."

"Cool. So..."

Matt arched a brow.

"Since you're down there and all..." Alain pursed his lips.

"Want to take care of a few problems?" Leo finished.

Sniffing, Matt studied both men, gratified when they started to look a bit nervous. Alain shifted, dancing from foot to foot. Smiling wickedly, Matt reached out and palmed both tasty denim covered cocks. More than a handful, in both cases. Good thing he was ambidextrous. With a little help from his friends, they managed to get buckles undone, buttons popped and zippers pulled without damaging anything important. Alain was panting by this point and Leo was all growly again. Matt had the feeling he was the aggressor when it was just the two of them.

Matt could work with that. In fact, he could work with pretty much anything these two showed him. He wasn't sure what it was about them that drew him in. He didn't date all that much, his attention span was normally ridiculously short. So, he couldn't for the life of him figure out what it was about these two men that captured his attention so brilliantly. One night spent in the company of a dozen other people and Matt was nearly panting after them like a damned dog in heat. It would be humiliating if they weren't so obviously into him as well.

Matt looked back and forth, licking his lips. This was one area where they weren't nearly identical. Leo's cock was thick and heavy, hanging nearly perpendicular from his

groin. Alain, on the other hand, looked like he could pound nails with his bad boy. Nearly brushing his belly, his dick stood up long and hard.

Man, were they ever into him... Judging by the precome already weeping from Leo's slit, he wouldn't take too long. Matt licked his lips, eliciting a pained groan from the man. Leo grasped his dick in hand, jerking it slowly. Alain spit into his palm before holding his cock in his hand. He didn't jerk it, just held it still.

Matt arched his back, pulling his turtleneck off with one motion. Handing it up to Leo, he waited while the man pressed his face into the fabric, inhaling deeply. "Don't drop that. I still need to get out of here."

Leo smirked, making Matt shiver in anticipation. Matt slid one hand down, skilfully undoing his own jeans, baring his cock for their view. He waited until they both started panting loudly, before he reached up with both hands, wrapping his fingers around their dicks.

"What about you?" Alain moaned.

"Who, me? Baby, that's the best part." Smiling, all teeth, Matt flicked his tail. He could tell both men had forgotten about that little appendage. He was actually damned lucky his jeans rode so low on his hips or there would be no way he'd be able to shift while clothed. Especially lucky, in that he could play with his new toys to his heart's content without actually losing out himself. Wrapping his tail around his dick, he shimmied his hips, eyelids fluttering closed at the sensations. This wasn't going to take long at all.

Leo and Alain reached out in sync, each burrowing a hand into Matt's shaggy hair. He pumped their cocks with steady strokes, matching the pace with his tail. Moaning, trying to keep quiet since they weren't exactly in a private location, he knew he was damned close to coming already. He wanted them to go first, though. Needed it.

"Come on, please, cum for me. Give me your cream, boys." Licking his lips, Matt purred, the sound rumbling up from his chest.

"Oh, fuck!" Leo jerked his hips, milky white fluid splattering onto Matt's chest. The sight must have been too much for Alain, because he followed his friend, coming on Matt's chin, jerking a line of cream across his lips before finishing the rest on his chest. Matt grinned, arching his back again and feeling his balls draw up with the slight pain as his hair was

pulled. He yowled, feeling like his spine was being ripped out his dick with every spurt of cum.

It took Matt longer than he liked to calm down. Leo and Alain were barely holding themselves up against the sink. Leo still had one hand buried in Matt's hair, while Alain had his hands lifted up to his face, breathing raggedly.

“Damn. We are doing that again,” Alain gasped.

“And more. Definitely more,” Leo moaned, leaning into his lover.

Matt looked up, pleased to see both locked in a kiss that had his spent cock perking up just at the sight. Leo groaned into Alain's mouth, pulling Matt toward them with his hand. Matt shimmied closer on his knees, resting his head against Alain's thigh. Oh, yes. They were definitely doing this again.

~~~~~

Want more: Visit <http://www.jadebuchananbooks.com>